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Harvard '94

Fortieth Anniversary

July 18, 1934

DEAR CLASSMATES:

Our "Fortieth" has come and gone. More than one hundred men turned up and helped to make it a success, but others were kept away by sickness, business, or distance.

It occurred to your committee that if these men couldn't get to the Reunion, we might, in a small way, bring the Reunion to them.

We are therefore sending, herewith, a copy of Bert Boyden's "Dooley" and Oliver Sprague's remarks at our Dinner. One has a strongly personal, and the other, a peculiarly timely interest.

A full account of the Reunion with speeches, etc., will be included in the class report, which it is expected, Ken Rand will get out next year.

Good luck to all, until our Forty-fifth!

SYDNEY M. WILLIAMS, *Chairman*

'94 *Fortieth Anniversary Committee*

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MR. DOOLEY DRAGGED FROM HIS SLUMBERS

Mr. Dooley and Hennessy were enjoying their pipes and the cool of the evening on the back porch.

"THESE is grreat days," said Mr. Dooley. "How so?" asked Hennessy? "I was thinkin' f'r th' momint," went on Mr. Dooley, "about Thomas Jiffersin. Ye know Tom founded th' Dimicratic Parrty, an' writ a Fam'ly Bible iv his own f'r it. He writ four Commandmints: *Firrst*, th't th' govermint at Wash'nton sh'd always be kep' so little an' feeble th't ye could knock 't over wit' a maiden-hair fern; *Second*, th't th' mimbers iv the House an' Senit sh'd mostly shtay 't home, mowin' th' hay an' hoein' th' p'taties, an' not be f'r river both'rin th' Counthry wit' new schames an' contraptshins; *Thirrd* th't th' govermint taxes should niver cost a man more than th' price iv his rum an' chewin' tobacker; an' *Fourth*, th't annywan who'd paid 's poll tax should be free t' heave rocks at th' govermint — an' have 's bit iv fun jist like throwin' base-balls at th' Afric'n Dodger.

Well, I only hope Tom ain't lookin' down on his Dimicrats an' his Dimicrathic Parrty today; he'd think he'd been pushed out iv Heaven, an' landed on 's head som'ers below.

He'd see his Washint'n governmint all swelled up like th' fat-boy at th' side-show, makin' th' State Governmints look like little b'ys playin' marbles in th' school-yard; he'd see his govermint tellin' the corner-groceryman how oftin he must change 's shirt, tellin' the women-folks they sh'd keep th' trail hot to th' departmint-stores f'r buyin' new clothes, an' that th' owld man sh'd pay, an' pay an' pay; tellin' th' farmers under no sarrumstances t' vencher out in th' hot sun, an' if they raise annythin' fit t' eat they'll be fined. Whilst if by induthry an' intilli-

Mr. Dooley, as every classmate knows, is the adopted son of Albert Boyden, and the following masterpiece was read at the dinner at The Country Club, Brookline, Wednesday, June 20.

gince, an' wit' govermint assistance, they succeed in raisin' nawthin' at all, they'll be given th' grand bonus, which New York an' New England 'll be glad t' pay; tellin' th' head at th' facth'ry th't if he'll raise wages, shorten hours, an' lower prices — an' do th' same reg'lar wanst ivery week — he'll soon be drowned in a risin' tide iv prosperithy; tellin' th' help at th' facth'ry t' frisk th' employer iviry night f'r his small-change; tellin' Mulcahy's cow she's not t' give down more 'n so many pints iv milk per day, an' if she can see her way t' go dhry altogether t'will be th' fine thing f'r us all; tellin us that th' air-mail sh'd hinceforth go in th' caboose iv th' freight-thrain, th't Lindbergh knows nawthin' about flyin' an' c'dnt fly his plane over th' hen-house; tellin' th' banks they sh'd lind th'r money t' annywan who has th' stren'th t' walk up t' th' payin' teller's window an' hold out 's hand; tellin' all th' b'ys who's saved up a few hundred dollars aginst owld age, th't Profissor Warrin — iv Cornell, is 't? — decided that th' dollar needs watherin' down, an' he's throw'd half th'r savin's into th' river, an' tis a pity th' b'ys was ivir foolish enough t' save the'r dollars.

He'd see th' Country governed by alphibeticle combinations th't look like logarithums, iviry organization iv th' govermint bein' nawthin' but a new set iv letthers, each harder t' remimber than th' last. Henceforth th' Senate is t' be known as 'th' *D. Fs.*', th' House as 'th' *N. Gs.*' an' Ginerall Johnsin as 'th' *P. D. Q.*'; whilst all iv us who're not in office will be th' exclamation pi'nts, an' interrigration-marks — or some other kind iv Marks!

Agin, if Tom looks down, he'll see iviry man begin th' day's worruk by writ'n a check for th' mornin' inshtalmint iv taxes, takin' time fr'm 's lunch-hour for th' noon inshtalmint, at five o'clock figgerin' up th' interest th't 's accumerlatid durin' th' day, an' goin' home fin'ly wit' a cramp in his thumb. Taxes, which used t' be a thriflin' pleasanthy, now look to th' humble citizen like th' twinty automobiles th't charrge down on th' innicint pedestri'n whin th' green light happins to catch 'm in th' middle iv th' crossin'.

An' as f'r criticis'n th' govermint — say, if annywan has a worrd agin' it, th' only question is whether he leaves th' counthry by way iv th' rope or th' 'lectric chair.

Persin'ly, I used to like Hoover pritty well. "Who is Hoover?" asked Hennessy. "Hoover," replied Mr. Dooley, "is th' Forgottin' Man. Th' last I hearrd iv him, he was in San Francisco, headed west — an' shtill goin'.

Well, anyway, I'm weary iv polytics. Tis sick it makes me whichever way I look; th' parrty th'ts in is th' leprosy, an' th' wan th'ts out is th' p'ison-ivy — so there ye have 't all. Whin I look at th' two parrtys, I mind mesilf iv th' famous donkey, standin' in puzzlemint jist half-way betwixt th' two bales iv excelsior. Leave us talk about somethin' more cheerful.

Let me tell iv th' Ninety Foor b'ys who is now beatin' th' tom-tom agin, an' is wanst more on th' marrch. Ah, me b'ys, me great b'ys, th' noble sons iv Harrvard — tho' I'd betther say th' noble grandfathers iv Harrvard, since tis now forrty years ago th't these mimbers iv th' G. A. R. sat sweat'n in the'r caps an' gownds, listenin' to th' Lat'n Oration iv Commincemint, wonderin' dimly whether t'was intinded f'r a compliment or an insult. "Forrty years agone, Hinnessy!"

"Forrty years," echoed Hennessy. "Tis quite a spell iv weather, that." "The forrty years iv th' Ninety Foor," resumed Mr. Dooley, "is like th' forrty years iv th' ten tribes wand'rin' in th' wilderniss wit' Moses as the drum-major, whilst KINNEY RAND 's been th' Moses f'r th' Ninety Foor, an' — excipt f'r a thriflin' scarcity iv manna durin' recint years — has done noble. Th' Good Book says iv th' originil Mose that at the ind iv th' forrty years, th' eye was not dimmed nor th' natural stren'th abated — an' tis th' same wit' KINNEY. Th' eye behind th' owld spectacles still has in it th' sparke iv th' fire-light, th' Lat'n still poors out iv him like wather fr'm th' rain-spout afther a shower, an' his jokes still iexplode iv ivry direction like th' fire-works iv' a Fourth iv July evenin'. Ah, KINNEY, KINNEY, th' gay lad, th' apple iv me eye! Lucky Ninety Foor wit' KINNEY for th'r Moses! I'm towld, though, th't KINNEY'll not be prisint at th' cilibration this year, havin'

been sint as a Mission'ry to th' Frinch, teachin' th' b'ys over there th'r Lat'n, an' tellin' th' Frinch nation to quit totin' the'r guns an' go t' worrk to pay th' United States for th' war. Whin th' war was over, th' poor Frinchmin thought they was th' winners, but today they find thimsilves shtill carryin' th' ball an' chain, only 'tis the United States at th' other end iv th' chain instid iv th' Germins. Prisidint Conint tells me th' University 'll simply mark time whilst KINNEY's away, waitn' f'r him to come back an' touch his toe to th' accilerator again.

But, ye know Hinnissy, even KINNEY RAND has t' have help to keep th' pot abilin', an' they's severil iv th' Ninety Foor b'ys th't whin th' class alarrum sounds is always ready t' run wit' th' owld machine.

There's SYD WILLIAMS f'r wan. I almost said SYD WILLIAMS f'r *two*. Ye know, SYD opens th' class windows in th' marnin', chops th' class wood, fetches th' class wather, dh rives th' class lawn-mower, milks th' class cow, washes th' class baby, curries th' class horse, weeds th' class gardin, feeds th' class dog, puts out th' class cat, locks th' class doors — an' in ginerall, cares f'r th' class durin' th' day, an', afther all's done, shweetly warbles th' class lullyby for th' night.

Then they's LEWIS PROUTHY who broke loose fr'im 's Fastenins a few years ago, an' ivir since had enjoyed th' wild, free life iv th' Primitive Man. He's handicapped in findin' time t' worrk for th' class, since iviry day he has t' shpind th' whole forenoon readin' th' Best Seller his wife has wrote th' day before. Shtill, LEW somehow steals a lot iv time for th' class worrk.

Another wan's CARL KELLY. CARL's th' self-appointed noise-maker for th' class, an' is th' brass band f'r th' class all by himself. He's like th' wan-man-orchestry ye see on th' sthreet occasion'ly, playin' th' bass-dhrum wit' wan foot, th' triangle wit' th' other, th' snare-dhrum wit' th' elbow, bangin' th' cymbals between his knees, shakin' th' crown iv bells on th' top iv 's head, an' blowin' all th' time wit' his mouth four horrn's an' three bagpipes in sevin diff'rnt languages. Whin ye hear noises comin' down th' wind to ye, soundin' like a mob iv Arnachists

roarin' at th' police, ye can rest easy — 'tis only CARL airin' his views some'rs in th' next block. Ye'd be surprised tho', wit' all this, to larn th't CARL finds time t' do a bit iv auditin' on th' side, an' a lot iv worrk for th' Ninety Foor too. Speakin' iv CARL, makes me think iv GARGE CUSHIN' — he's so diff'rnt. GARGE simply says nawthin' at all, at all, but he cert'n'ly does saw th' wood an' save th' sawdust. Thin, they's GARDNER BEALS, a lad th'ts light on his feet an' always ready t' hop whin th' class calls 'm. If coorse, they's others iv th' same sort, but 'tis no time f'r me to be thryin' t' name thim all. These b'ys call thimselves th' class Brain-Trust, their idea bein' th't they furnish th' Brain, an' th' class furnishes th' Trust."

"I suppose, though," asked Hennessy, "they's other prominent citizins iv th' worl'd amongst th' Ninety Foor?" "What a question", exclaimed Mr. Dooley indignantly! At the'r cili-brations, ye bump into a grreat man iviry sthep ye take, an' whin ye're jumpin off him, ye land on th' toes iv another equilly grreat. I could sit here in th' gloamin' an' tell over to ye th' grreat men iv Ninety Foor till th' Missus should come along to put out th' lights an' sind ye home.

Just to menshin wan, there's OLIVER SPRAGUE. He was workin' away at Harrvard, showin' th' b'ys how they should know counterfeit money whin t'was palmed on thim — an' how best t' pass it along — whin th' Bank iv England larned th't OLLIE, as we call 'm, was th' lightenin-calculator an' boy-wonder iv thim all; th't he could dive head-firrst into an' ocean iv dollars an' dimes, pounds shillins an' pence, francs an' marks, kronen an' roubles, pesos an' yen, — an iviry time come up in sevin seconds wit th' right answer in 's mouth; th't he c'd shoot statistics at ye like he was Jack Dillinger facin' th' Sheriff's posse. So th' Bank said that if OLLIE'd come over an' do his thricks for thim durin' two years, they'd give 'm half th' money in th' Bank vaults for th' firrst year, an' th' rest iv it for th' second. 'Show me th' dottid line,' said OLLIE, an' he proceeded to write all iv his names on 't. Now ye se Hinnessy, Frank Roosevelt was wanst in OLLIE's finanshal classes at Harrvard — though I believe they was nothin' in his ixamina-

tion-papers th't p'inted clearly to a future Prisdint — so, whin Frank found himsilf in Washin'ton sufferin' fr'm finanshal prickly-heat, he tiliphones OLLIE to come back home an' give him th' treatment. 'I'll come,' says OLLIE, though they's shtill a good bit wait'n f'r me here in th' bank vaults. So Frank an' OLLIE sat down on th' White House sofy to'gether, but it diviloped at wanst th't OLLIE wanted th' Counthry's teeth to be filled wit' gowld, while Frank insisted on rubber, him sayin' rubber would stretch so you'd need t' use only half as much. But OLLIE jist wouldn't shtand for th' rubber teeth, so afther that, whin OLLIE knocked modistly at th' side-door iv th' White House, cap in hand, Frank would say to th' Lord High Admiral who does his errands f'r him, *'There's th't gowld-peddler agin; tell him if he shows up here anny more, we'll set th' dog on 'm!'* So OLLIE's now back at Cambridge agin, bein' succeeded as finanshal crystal-gazer for th' governmint by Profissor Warrin, th' well-known ixpert on Plymouth Rocks an' Rhode Island Reds, him thinkin' th' whole thing is some kind iv an egg-layin' contest.

Thin, Hinmissy, t'would niver do f'r me t' omit JAKE MAGRATH! I see, by th' way, th't JAKE's jist been givin' a Lib'r'y to Harrvard. "What did he do for th' other colleges," asked Hennessy? "I d'know," replied Mr. Dooley. "Lib'r'ies all round, I s'pose — just like Carnegy." "What beats me, though," said Hennessy, "is how JAKE can pick th' money f'r his Lib'r'ies out iv his wage-envelope." "Tis simple," said Mr. Dooley, "Ye know, whin a man falls in a fit on th' sidewalk, JAKE's required by law t' be th' firrst at his side, so JAKE calls to th' crowd in stentori'n tones, 'Shtand back, and give 'm air,' an' in th't way he gets th' run iv th' b'ys pockets f'r a few minutes, an' th' poor divvle's lucky if his visitin' card's left afther JAKE's done. Thin, iv coorse, JAKE gits good money f'r havin' his name an' pi'cher on th' bottles iv hair-tonic; he picks up some change f'r leadin' th' bull-basses iv th' Harrvard Alumni chorus; an' besides, he's well paid now an' agin in th' Courts f'r exchangin' repartee wit' Mrs. Costello an' such like — him an' BILLY BOOS, th' two iv thim usu'lly dividin' th'

pot. Oh, they's plinty iv money f'r Libr'ies in wan way an' another.

I mind me also, Hinmissy, iv GARGE TINKHAM, th' perpetule Congressman, wit' whiskers th't if th' Rooshans sh'd wanst see him, they'd have him Prisidint iv th' Soviet before th' sun set on him. GARGE is always straight an' honorable, always sound an' kind. I call 'm a Saint in polytics. "If he's so noble," said Hennessy, "I sh'd think he'd be Canonized." "He is been al-ready," replied Mr. Dooley, "reg'lar — an' by a Bishop too."

"They's manny more, manny more," he went on; RUSSELL BEALS feriver buyin' wool in Australia; MATTY BOND judgin' like a Dan'l down in Baltimore; ELLY BISHOP readin' th' riot-act all over Massachusetts; BECKWIT' handin' out th' Probit Law in Springfield; JERRY FORD staggerin' under th' weight iv 's learnin' an' Hono'ry Degrees; GARGE OENSLAGER, tall an' schlim, covered wit' blue-ribbins; NED HILL leadin' th' Goddess iv Music by th' ear; GARGE HENNING wit' his for'in Decoration glitterin' on 's chest; MAYNARD LADD th' Pied Piper for childher by th' thousands; ERIC KNUDSEN wit' 's pineapples an' sugar-cane an' san'wiches; FRANK CURRIER, HILLER WELLMAN an' BOB SHAW, peerin' out fr'm behint th'r mount'ins iv Books; ALFRED BETTMAN in Cincinnati, showin' what wan man, full iv detarmination an' ability, can do f'r a grreat city; LEON FOSS, lookin' more as he did forrty years ago than anny other mimber iv th' class; ARTHUR LEHMAN whose repytation as a banker was so high th't it didn't evin prevent his brother fr'm bein iledcted Governor iv New York; LINK DAVIS, so dilicate wit' his jack-knife th't he could take th' pound iv flesh for Shylock, an' Antonio niver know t'was gone; CHAN-ler BULLOCK, who'll see th't y'r heirs live in lux'ry even you y'rsilf shtarve wit' payin' his premiums; ARTHUR ENDICOTT an' HOWARD CUTLER, th' two, tall, towerin' twins; BERT LAKIN who juggles railroads an' sugar-plantashins down in Cuba wit' wan hand, whilst runnin' th' law-office in New York wit' th' other; TOMMY SAFFORD, who combines th' talints iv Paddy Rooski an' Lily Pons, an' is a sort iv Pons Exthraact, good f'r man an' beast; ARTHUR DUPEE who wears on his ring th' keys

to th' vaults iv th' Ancient an' Honorabul Providint Institutshin f'r Savin's; REGGIE WASHBURN, an ornimint in ivery way to 's great city iv Woo'ster, tho' dhrivin' a tin-peddler's cart f'r his livelihood; HUGO LEICHTENTRITT, who doubled Rip Van Winkle's record; th' CABIT brothers, HUGH an' PHIL, divid'n th' fields iv surgery an' business fifty-fifty; SHERB MERRILL an' ALBERT WHITTIER who'll talk cows to ye till ye hear th' bells iv th' critthers toilin' up th' lane from th' lane pasture for th' night; ILLERY SIDGWICK, th' noblist Romin iv thim all, th' Missus Parrtington iv th' grreat Atlantic, wanst a month shtirrin up his hell-broth iv discussion an' argumint, thryin' to pry opin our heads for th' occasional admission iv a new idea — an' more an' more iv thim, Hinnissy, too manny for me t'night."

Mr. Dooley became silent. After a moment, Hennessy said, "D'ye forget, Dooley, th' b'ys that 're gone, that have shteped from th' ranks?" "Forget," replied Mr. Dooley, "Not I!" For me, they're not gone at all, at all — not one! They're wit' me t'night just th' same as in th' years long since. They'll be at th' cilibration in th' hearrts iv all. They're th' Cloud iv Witnesses. They're th' class Pilgrims — on th'r way. Whilst th' light iv Ninety Foor howlds out to burrn, these brave, bright lads — hand an' eye an' voice — will be there in hearrt an' mem'ry. God rest the'r sows, says I."

REMARKS BY OLIVER M. W. SPRAGUE

WHAT delightful optimists most Americans are in contrast with our British friends who are constantly thinking and saying that the country is going to the damnation bow-wows; and yet somehow or other they do carry on and keep going. I could not help thinking this while listening to LEHMAN and BETTMAN, who seemed to be quite certain that everything is going along with us in a most satisfactory fashion.

I doubt whether our characteristic optimism is all to the good; and so I was rather glad that my neighbor, CHANDLER BULLOCK, threw a little cold water on that point of view. I do not believe that we can be certain that everything is going on well, and will work out somehow in a satisfactory fashion.

Let us look back thirty years. In 1904 the Class of 1864 was having its Fortieth Reunion. On the whole the members of that class could look back upon the period of their active work in the world with a reasonable measure of satisfaction. Conditions had improved. People believed in evolution and in progress, and felt that with each succeeding decade the world would be in a better situation than in the previous decade. Can we be equally hopeful? Are we certain that in 1944 or in 1954 there will be a better world than we have lived in during the forty years since we graduated from Harvard? I do not think that we can be at all certain of that; and I do not believe that mere optimism will bring that better world about.

We are living in a highly complicated world. Our economic order has become so highly complicated that there is at least a grave question as to whether we know how to work it consistently with a reasonable measure of liberty. It is hardly too much to say that during the forty years since we left college the world has drifted into more and more of a mess.

We are not leaving our children and grandchildren a world with as good hope as that which we received from our forebears.

This is partly because it is a more complicated world, no doubt; but it is at least in part owing to a failure of thoroughgoing analysis of the conditions under which modern society can develop and improve; and there has been a dangerous increase in nationalistic antagonisms. I went to the World Economic Conference, for example, with a group of Americans, and virtually every American in that delegation, with the exception of the Secretary of State, seemed to me suspicious of virtually every other country, including Britain.

I do not think that this is a time for optimism with regard to international affairs, or with reference to the functioning of our own system within the country. I came back to this country at some sacrifice — which is of no particular importance — because I believed that the Government of the United States had decided upon a definite policy of cooperation with other countries with regard to trade and money. Within two weeks after my acceptance of an appointment in Washington, I was sent back to London on a special mission, independent of the Conference, for the purpose of negotiating with Great Britain and France a plan for steadying the foreign exchanges during the period of the Conference and no longer. A technically adequate plan was arranged with the representatives of those countries with a specific provision that it was to lapse in the event that the Conference were unduly prolonged and also in the event that unforeseen conditions should develop in any one of the three countries. That proposal was vetoed by the President of the United States, because at some time between May 30 and July 1 he had changed, fundamentally and radically, his monetary policy — a policy which had been outlined to representatives of the foreign countries that were invited to come here prior to the Conference.

Suppose the situation had been reversed, and that we had set great store by an International Economic Conference to be held in Washington, and that those attending the Conference had been invited to go to London and had received indications from the British Government that they were disposed to favor international arrangements regarding tariffs and money; and

that then, after the foreign representatives had reached Washington, the British Government, in somewhat violent language, had announced a reversal of its position. What would we have said? The British and the rest of the world took it with comparative calmness, although we blew up the Economic Conference; and we apparently did not have sufficient awareness, generally speaking, to know that we did blow up the Economic Conference.

Well, I returned to the United States and worked within the Treasury on one matter and another. Early in October, we had prepared a plan for a conversion of a certain part of the outstanding issue of Liberty Bonds. I was very much interested in that because the British, in the previous summer, had converted ten billion dollars, or two billion pounds of 5% war loans to a $3\frac{1}{2}\%$ basis. We did not feel that we could go as far as that. We had six billion dollars of $4\frac{1}{4}\%$ Liberties that might have been converted, but in view of the uncertainty that had been made evident about American monetary policies, we did not think that the market would stand as much as that and so we settled down on calling only two billions of the aggregate.

I think any man of ordinary experience was justified in presuming that inviting people to convert maturing obligations into a long term issue implied that the Government would refrain from making abnormal monetary changes. At least that was my view, and I set it out in a memorandum on the subject.

The conversion scheme was accepted by the President, and conversions were coming forward in a very satisfactory fashion during the two weeks following its announcement. Then suddenly the gold buying policy was adopted with no indication as to how far that policy might go, but with the statement that this was a means of bringing about a rise of prices to the 1926 level. Naturally there was no further conversions of the called Liberty Bonds.

As I was opposed to the gold buying policy, I felt that it was a public duty to retire from the service of the United States Government. My work in the Treasury was entirely a policy

job. I had no specific administrative duties; but even if I had had such duties, I doubt whether I should have remained.

The gold buying policy was adopted by our Government in large part through faulty analysis of the problem; but it was adopted at the particular time because a great deal of noise was being made by people in the West who were demanding some kind of inflationary action. I had not observed, while I was in Washington, that Senator Borah or Senator Thomas were hesitant about making a good deal of noise about what they believed was desirable; but I had observed that the business community here in the East was completely quiescent and dumb, and it was largely for this reason that, instead of withdrawing quietly, I withdrew making as much noise as an humble person like myself could make, since I honestly believed that the point of view of those who did not stand for the gold buying policy was not being adequately expressed. I had not quite intended to go into this rather personal matter in talking here, but I suppose you wanted a little of what may be styled "the mirrors of Washington."

Now I shall go on to another line of thought, if you will allow me a few more minutes. Where are we at the present time in our recovery program, and where are we going? I think we may say that there has been a certain gain — difficult to evaluate — but some gain since last November on the monetary side. Apparently Washington is less convinced of the possibility of bringing about a rise of prices to the 1926 level and a general increase in the demand for labor by monetary means than it was six or eight months ago. That is a very great gain indeed.

I do not think that there is immediate danger of further devaluation of the dollar, because, having devalued it from 100 cents to 59.06 cents, to drop it 9.06 cents to 50 cents does not seem to me to be very promising. I should think that it might well prove a subject for ridicule and for the cartoonist.

On the whole, I judge that Washington is more disposed to consider other means of bringing about a trade recovery, and is relying less upon monetary devices than it was a year ago;

for you will observe that, in the messages of the President ever since the first of the year, practically nothing has been said about the price level of 1926. At present, reliance, I take it, is primarily upon what is expected from Government expenditure. Government expenditure on a large scale is apparently being relied upon by our rulers as a primary means of bringing us through and establishing us on a more or less permanent basis of real trade recovery. I am not opposed to government expenditure nearly as much as my friend Douglas, who is responsible for the budget and its balancing. I am inclined to think that, in a period of depression, it is desirable that the Government should do something and provide relief. In the absence of any system like the British dole, relief must necessarily take the form of public works — the C.W.A. and the like. In my judgment, the defect in public works and C.W.A. under existing auspices is this — that Washington is disposed to believe that, by its liberal payments in the way of relief and in connection with public works, you can prime the pump sufficiently to bring about trade recovery and establish it on a firm foundation. From that point of view I most decidedly dissent. If the Government spends two billion dollars instead of one billion dollars for a given amount of work, it is undoubtedly the case that this will result in an increased demand for consumer goods; but if it spends two billions rather than one billion for a given amount of work, it is bound also to have the effect of increasing the cost of doing that kind of work and so raise an obstacle to its continuance under private auspices. If through public works administration you bring it about that the cost of building a given type of house jumps from six thousand to nine thousand dollars, you do not create a situation in which private initiative is likely to carry on the production of large numbers of houses so that public works expenditure will become unnecessary.

The great improvement that has been taking place in Great Britain in the last year has been due largely to the fact that the cost of building has gone down. 260,000 cheap houses for the masses of people have been built in the last twelve months in

that country mainly under private auspices, involving a large demand for labor and material. It seems to me quite obvious that if those 260,000 houses had been built with money furnished by the British Government, with an increase in the cost of building, the situation would have been made positively worse through the operations of the Government.

It is the means employed by our rulers rather than their objectives that I find open to question. I am as radical as anybody can be, and I have been very much distressed by being almost embraced by conservative ladies since I left the Government. They have assumed that I was a hidebound conservative. I am no such animal! I am really a highly radical person. I have no disagreement with the group in Washington — brain trust or other group — because they are radical. My disagreement is entirely on some of the means which have been adopted. This was the case as regards monetary matters, and it is the case, so far as I am concerned, in regard to the P.W.A.

Finally I wish to say that I am quite as strongly at variance with a large number of our leading industrialists, such as the people directing the General Electric Company, the United States Steel Corporation, and those in authority in the United States Chamber of Commerce — in fact with all those who wish to stabilize profits and who wish to establish cartels or quasi monopolies in their various industries, and who are now urging what they call self-regulation by each and every industry. I do not believe that any group of industrialists have the disinterestedness and vision to be allowed complete monopoly control of their product. If we are not going to have any appreciable amount of competition as a restraining force in industry, then we shall have, and need to have, an immense amount of government control. Moreover, given the American Iron and Steel Institute, I see no logical reason whatever why every man employed in the steel industry should not be compelled to become a member of the Amalgamated Iron and Steel Workers' Union. You are compelled to become a member of the Institute if you operate a mill in the steel industry, and

must secure the approval of the Code Authority before engaging in the steel industry. An equivalent organization on the part of steel workers is opposed by the producers, who, at the same time, are adverse to any considerable measure of government control.

This desire, on the part of the business community, to gain greater uncontrolled power would have far greater promise of success if the directing class in the community had done a better job during the last ten years or more; but it is obvious that the directing class has not done a good job during the last decade. The people who are out of work are not out of work through any fault of their own. They are out of work through the errors of ourselves — people like us of the directing classes. We did not know how to run the show.

Consider a few things that we did. We lent billions of money to foreign countries in spite of increasing nationalism, resulting in directing a large flow of goods to those countries — a flow which could only continue so long as additional foreign loans were being made. Again, we allowed an absurd speculative movement in securities, inflating temporarily the incomes of a limited number of people in the community; and then we built on Park Avenue and elsewhere high cost apartment houses to meet the requirements of people whose incomes were far from stable. We allowed, in this country, sixty billions of deposits to develop, claims payable on demand when there was absolutely no possibility that there could be anything like sixty billions of liquid assets available. These are only a few of the ways in which we messed up the situation.

Those who are skeptical about some of the policies and tendencies in Washington will get nowhere merely by talking about liberty, the danger of tyranny and the like. If we cannot propose concrete measures for improvement, we shall have an increasing measure of whatever is proposed by those who do have something concrete to offer; and that the people in Washington do have.

It is ridiculous to confront concrete measures originating in Washington with the abstractions which were set out by the

Republicans in Chicago a little while ago. What is the use of talking about liberty to a man with an empty stomach, or to one who is conducting a corporation that is in the red. If we do not like an accentuation of greater government control, we must painfully and prayerfully work out concrete proposals, workable proposals, that can be put into effect without that concentration of power in Washington.

Unhappily a large proportion of our leading industrialists seem unwilling to live under the restraining influence of competition. They are seeking some kind of a cartelized arrangement which will stabilize profits. The only industry of importance that I know of that does not take that view is the automobile industry. That industry seems to me to afford a fair example of what business should look forward to in the future. It is an industry which has recognized the possibility of the development of a large increase in demand for its products by furnishing the public an improved car at a given price, or a lower priced car. This has never been the point of view of, for example, the United States Steel Corporation. When the demand falls off, the preference of that company is apparently to put up prices, or to threaten to put them up, in order to inveigle people into an increased demand. Take another case — in the midst of the current depression in February, 1932, the railroads of the United States demanded and secured a 10% increase in railway rates. Do you think that the railway people of our youth — Harriman and Jim Hill, for example — in a period of depression with half the people bankrupt along their lines would have favored a 10% increase in rates? I am sure that they would have thought such a policy evidence of a ridiculous lack of common sense.

On the whole, and without qualifications, it is my belief that the business community and the business policies of the last ten or twelve years are far more blameworthy than the present administration in Washington. The business community brought about this mess through bad policies and they do not seem to me to have formulated or to be prepared to accept policies that would be calculated to bring us out of it, and at

the same time free us from the probability of an increasing measure of government control.

Now I am afraid that I have made a quite improper speech. I have not told you any stories; but I heard one a little while ago. I do not know that it is quite apropos of anything that I have said, but I got it from a member of the Class of '98. I shall probably get it wrong, but I think it ran like this:

*Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray F. R. my soul to keep;
If I die before I wake,
The U. S. A. my gold will take.*

